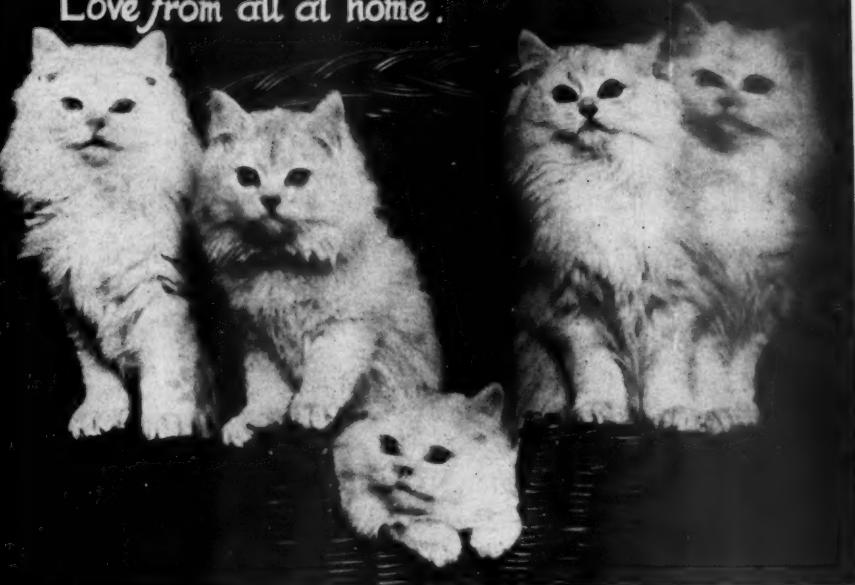


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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

The American Humane Education Society

The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



Published monthly by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts

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Vol. 66

May, 1933

No. 5

The use of steel traps on the Royal Estates is forbidden by order of His Majesty the King of England.

It is said that George Arliss is so opposed to the ill-treatment of animals that he will not allow them to be used in any of his pictures. Being a member of so many humane societies, how can he?

The beautiful California city of San Diego through its Humane Society is planning for one of the finest sets of humane buildings, it is said, in the country. The new building dedicated February, this year, is the first of several to be erected over a seven-year period.

What has the depression meant to the dogs? For many of them an untimely end. So far as our Angell Memorial Animal Hospital is concerned, from 15 to 25 per cent more lost and stray dogs have been received by us than formerly and about the same percentage given up by people no longer able to keep them.

This has not been a happy winter for many of our good friends in England. Not only has influenza come into nearly every home, in certain sections, at least, but added to it has been the prevalence of the dreaded foot and mouth disease which has attacked the cattle. One friend writes us: "My cows are in quarantine, must be kept tied in their stalls, and are not allowed even to cross the road to their pasture."

The barbarians of the gun clubs of the Riviera who find it sport to shoot live pigeons from traps might learn something from the new Bombay Gun Club, India, organized to encourage the use of clay pigeons. The Riviera has well deserved the reproach of being called the "Hell for Pigeons."

If all foreign visitors to this small realm of sunshine and flowers would protest to the authorities, it might shame them into stopping this barbarism.

Say It Again

IT should be said again and again, and yet again, that whatever humane societies have done for animals they have done vastly more for men, women and children. Seldom does this fact get public recognition. The people back of humane work, it is taken for granted, have their interest centered wholly in animals. To relieve them from suffering, to protect them from cruelty, what beyond that can be their interest? And then, with so many causes that concern themselves with human needs, how can intelligent and sane people turn from those causes to the welfare of animals? Surely they must be lacking in a knowledge of life's real values or something is lacking in their mental make-up.

But how shall we justify the assertion that after all humane societies have made a large contribution to the world's civilization? Whence have come the influences that have changed the lot of untold millions of animals? What has made the difference between the lot of animals in lands like ours and lands where life has been for them one long hell of pain and torture? Organized humane societies is the answer to both these questions.

And how has the influence of these societies accomplished these ends? By awakening indifferent, thoughtless men and women and children to the claims upon them of these lowlier fellow creatures for fair play and compassion. Can any thoughtful man, if he will think of it, fail to see that every human soul awakened to do a deed of justice and kindness to the least of those who can suffer is not by that very act ennobled, uplifted, made a better neighbor, friend, citizen? Kindness! Is there any virtue that with clearer voice proclaims man's kinship with the Eternal? Who will ever measure the meaning to the millions of children in whose hearts the American Humane Education Society alone has kindled and fostered this grace of kindness—a service to their country wider and more enduring than the service the children may ever render to suffering animals, great as that may be.

Perhaps some day the truth of what we have been saying will dawn upon the world, and men will recognize what humane education has done toward setting over against those foes of humanity that separate and divide men and nations those virtues that make for peace on earth and good will toward men.

Students and War Service

THE University of Maryland, through its Board of Regents, has declared its purpose to deny re-entrance to two of its students who refuse to submit, for conscientious reasons, to military training. This action was taken despite the decision of Judge Ulman of the Baltimore Superior Court that, in a tax-supported institution, the two students were entitled to attend without submitting to this requirement. We are sorry to learn that the University Board intends to carry the decision to a higher court. We admire the young men and Judge Ulman—as for the University, we doubt not the militarists will commend it.

Now word comes from England that by a vote of 275 to 153 the Oxford Union, a famous students' organization, voted "that in no circumstances will this house fight for its King and country." Soon after this vote of the Oxford Union came the Union of Manchester University of 371 to 196 in favor of the same declaration. A later report from Oxford says that "in a tumultuous meeting the Union rejected by a vote of 753 to 138 a motion to expunge from the records the previous motion declaring that this house will under no circumstances fight for King and country."

Whatever one's views of such an attitude toward war, it is evident that if enough citizens of the various nations take this stand international quarrels will be settled by other means than those of war. Many there are in this country who have taken this same attitude as to war. Many more have said that nothing but a war in defense of their homeland would lead them to take up arms. If war must be, then let those who make it do the fighting.

Donkeys

When to death's fondouk the donkeys are taken—

*Donkeys of Barbary, Sicily, Spain—
If peradventure the Deity waken,
He shall not easily slumber again.*

*Where in the sweet of the straw they have laid them
Broken and dead of their burdens and sores,
He, for a change, shall remember He made them—*

One of the best of His numerous chores;

*Order from someone a sigh of repentance—
Donkeys of Syria, Araby, Greece—
Over the fondouk distemper the sentence:
"For God's own forsaken—the Stable of Peace!"*

JOHN GALSWORTHY

To Make Cruelty Unprofitable

THE following resolution is designed to make it unprofitable for producers to inflict cruelty, and should be welcomed by all honest people in the trade, writes Edmund T. MacMichael, honorary secretary, Performing and Captive Animals Defense League and Jack London Club, London, to the *Christian Science Monitor*.

Mr. MacMichael states that the resolution has been passed by many organizations in England with a total membership of over 1,000,000 people.

That no certificate be granted by the [British] Board of Film Censors, or by any other body empowered to censor films in this country in respect of any film depicting one or more animals, unless such film be accompanied by a written declaration from the producers that no cruelty, brutality, or restraint amounting to cruelty has been inflicted during its production in order to obtain the results portrayed; and that producers be warned that the issuing of any such declaration which may subsequently be proved to have been unjustified will prejudice the granting of a certificate in respect of any film depicting one or more animals submitted by the same producers.

In Captivity

There is not so much call for zoos and aviaries nowadays since jazz plays, auto rides and the radio distract the public attention so much. It is one of the changes of the times that come along unplanned and unheralded. Might as well release the denizens of city parks and let them return to the call of the wild.

—*Pueblo (Col.) Indicator*

This, however, would be quite impracticable unless they were taken back to their native haunts.

Join the Jack London Club

The vicious and cruel exploitation of animals can be boycotted from the public stage.

Send your name for enrolment to *Our Dumb Animals*.

Father Coyote Takes Charge

IVY SCOTT ROGERS

FROM behind the screen of grass and bushes concealing his den, Father Coyote peered long and anxiously. Life is ever a serious matter to those who live in the wild, and to the coyote it was more than usually serious, for he had a motherless cub to feed and protect. Fate had dealt hard with him. Only six weeks previously



COYOTE ONE MONTH OLD

he had been the proud father of five jolly cubs and the devoted husband of the gentle "Mishka." Then had come that awful dawn when he had returned to find four cubs missing, the fifth bruised and terrified, and Mishka gone he knew not whither.

With a passionate tenderness he had lifted the little bruised one and carried him off to this den in the hillside. The den he had made comfortable with dried grasses, and there he had found food for the cub, and when the tawny-gray bundle had eaten his fill, Father Coyote drew him within the shelter of his own warm body and soothed him to sleep.

That was a couple of weeks ago. Time was passing: the cub was growing rapidly, and save for a small scar on his neck, he was none the worse for his encounter with the unknown enemy who had carried off his mother, his brothers and his sisters. Father Coyote guarded him fiercely, and only when the world was wrapped in darkness and silence did he steal out to find food for himself and his small son. Fortunately he had a wide range of diet—rabbits, mice, snakes, frogs, squirrels, eggs, any of these were eagerly sought.

At last the night came when the small son was allowed to accompany his father on a hunting expedition. The stars twinkled gaily far above his wondering head, a soft wind sobbed through the scrub, and the moon steeped the drowsy earth in mystic silvery light. Father Coyote led his son to the old quarry where the rabbits played and the mice squeaked shrilly as they reveled in the moonbeams. The cub's heart pounded

with excitement. He would certainly have got into mischief if he had been alone, for he was full of curiosity, longing to find out the cause of each flickering shadow, each scuffle, each moving form. A whirring of wings drove him scuttling into a bush, and his father voiced his approval of his son's ready wits by a long-drawn call directed at the star-strewn heavens.

After that first night the cub simply lived for the coming of dusk. Not that the coyotes confine their hunting to the hours of darkness. Nature has given them tawny fur to harmonize with the tawny world in which they move, but Father Coyote was still apprehensive for the safety of his son, still feeling the effects of that disaster which had befallen his home and family in a dawn-dusk. Till the cub was strong enough and old enough to fend for himself, Father Coyote was taking no unnecessary risks. And it was well for that cub that he had such a vigilant father. As he grew more confident in his own strength and ability, the youngster was always trying to elude his father's eye, always longing to go off on some expedition on his own just to prove what a big fellow he was getting to be. But always the graceful form of his father shadowed him, and thus the cub was saved from the very front paws of a hungry weasel; from the unwelcome attentions of a snake eyeing him with a cold, lidless stare from under a rock; and from the searching talons of an eagle thirsting for his blood.

There came a night in autumn, wrapped in soft mists and silvery light, when Father Coyote and his son left their earthen home in the hillside and made their way south. They were hungry, they had ranged the region round about the den with great intensity; it was time to seek another hunting-ground before the time came for the father and son to part.

As he entered a clump of low-growing scrub, Father Coyote suddenly became aware of a slim form shadowing his own. As a shaft of moonlight pierced the twisted stems, it lighted up a coyote in whose bright eyes there shone a tender gleam. The stranger who had shadowed Father Coyote was none other than Mishka, Mishka across whose shoulder a great scar showed where she had been shot and crippled on that unhappy night of her disappearance. She had lain near to death for many days, but at length she had won through, and after limping painfully for awhile, she had got on the trail of her mate and their small son.

It was an exuberant young coyote who saluted his long-lost mother there in the mist-laden, moonlit scrub. As he licked her nose and pressed close against her, the anguish and pain of the early weeks faded from Father Coyote's mind. Mishka was back at his side, their son was safe: with a long-drawn cry that echoed eerily through the night he turned towards the south woods, and side by side the three coyotes vanished into the mists.

The balancing apparatus of the inner ear of the waltzing mouse is imperfect, which causes the animal to run rapidly in small circles.

Heaven

MABEL A. PAYNE

How would Heaven seem to you,
If in all that region blue,
No bird should flit on feathered wing,
No cock should crow, nor cricket sing?

How would Heaven seem to you,
If horse or dog you never knew?
If no herd grazed on distant hill,
If no cat purred on window-sill?

How would Heaven seem to you,
Where dwell in joy, the good and true,
Without the little, shy wild life
With which our fields and woods are rife?

"How would Heaven seem to me"?
You ask me this, I'll answer free.
If there,—is none but human race,
Heaven would be a lonesome place.

Stray Animals in Summer

LESTER BANKS

THAT dogs and cats wander around homeless, hungry and thirsty, is regrettable—but true. In spite of laws, and all sorts of provisions for them, these strays are always with us.

Humane people generally appreciate that the homeless or lost animal is exposed to keen suffering in winter; but I fear that many of us overlook a particular danger of the summer months.

I refer to thirst, the most fearful torture, next to want of oxygen, that any living creature can experience. At no time can an animal endure thirst very long, but hot weather, as we all know, greatly shortens that period. In summer there is not much danger from exposure, and hunger may be tolerated for several days; but the demand for drink may become imperative in a few hours.

The wandering animal is exercising, too; and of course such activity increases the frequency of thirst. A lost puppy rushing around in a panic of nervousness, on a hot day, will perhaps require water three times as often as he would if lying contentedly in his shady kennel at home.

It is not much trouble to keep a pan of fresh water on your lawn, or near your door if you have no yard; and nothing is more helpful to our dumb friends in summer. Only once will it be necessary to see a hot, panting dog's appreciation; then you will know that water in summer means as much to him as to you and me.

Last summer we found that the dogs and cats kept the birds away from the pan of water, originally put out for our feathered visitors. But we did not want to drive the thirsty animals away; so we established a second "fountain" exclusively for the birds, placing a pan of water on the roof of our coal house. My wife threw bread crumbs near the pan, and within three days the birds had given up the water in the front yard to the cats and dogs and were attending the other place regularly.

And I believe that it gave us as much happiness as it did the helpless creatures. That is the beauty of kindness; the more happiness we give the more we have for ourselves.

The Squirrel Tribe

3. The Brisk and Frisky Chipmunk

WALTER A. DYER



In the thimbleberry, raspberry, huckleberry trail,
On the way to Indian Pass,

We heard the cheery, pert and leery, swift and eerie
Chipmunk's hail.

VACHEL LINDSAY

and the back door, therefore, becomes often very important.

The chipmunk sleeps through the cold weather, and as he seldom comes out of his burrow after frost he needs a goodly supply of food. There under the snow he fattens himself on nuts and grains until it is time for him to fall sound asleep. In the summer he lives on oats and other grains and seeds. He also likes berries and apples. Sometimes he is accused of digging up newly planted corn. When October comes he begins laying in a store of corn, small nuts, and acorns, and beech mast when he can get it. His children—four to six of them—are born in May or June and spend their infancy in the dark. When they first emerge they are weak and defenseless and half blinded by the light, and where there are cats about the mortality among them must be great.

Though naturally shy and timid, chipmunks soon become accustomed to the presence of man. They seem to like the proximity of the house and barn and I have often found their neat, round holes in the lawn. For several seasons now a family of them has built its home close to my house and they have become almost tame enough to touch. Their front entrance is within ten feet of our kitchen door and their rear exit is, I think, under my study, which is a small building without a cellar connected with the house by the woodshed. Often when I pass between house and study they scamper along ahead of me, to dive under my doorstone or to disappear down their hole.

One day last summer, as I opened my study door to come out, I nearly stepped on three helpless little chipmunk babies. They were quite bewildered and seemed not to know what to do or where to run. One of them scrambled over my foot and started

into my room, but I gently brushed him out. Then an anxious little face appeared at the mouth of the burrow and bright little eyes peered out at me. I stepped quietly aside, and presently a low chittering came from the burrow mouth. One by one the little ones heard it and waddled toward it. I went into the house to call my wife, but when we came out there were no baby chipmunks to be seen. Mother had called them home and I have no doubt that she gave them a good scolding for their foolhardy behavior. On several subsequent days, however, we saw them near the hole, and before we knew it they had grown so big and lively that we could scarcely tell them from their parents.

There is a sad sequel to this tale which I suppose I must tell. I caught one of those young chipmunks in a rat-trap in the woodshed. If I had supposed that cheese would offer any attraction to them I would never have left the trap there. It was a real shock to discover the poor little corpse. Of course a chipmunk is a rodent like a rat, and yet somehow there seems to be great difference. Curious, isn't it? Well, I took the trap away and left the rats to make merry over my soft-heartedness.

Vachel Lindsay called the chipmunk "the monkey of the squirrel tribe, quivering with monkey shines," and indeed he is playful and mischievous, though not as much so as the red squirrel. He is very pretty, with his striped sides and nervous tail. Very intelligent, too, I think. Since I have come to know the chipmunks through such intimate daily association, I have come to like them the best of all the squirrel clan. I love to watch them busily harvesting nuts and carrying pouchfuls of provender into their holes, or sitting on the stone-wall or the woodpile, chattering or silent and motionless as miniature statues.

No doubt there are people who prefer lawns without holes in them, but I shall be sorry if the time ever comes when there is no chipmunk's hole in mine.

This Dog Meets Dining Cars

ROY L. WARREN

"Jack," the 12-year-old shepherd dog, who makes his headquarters at the Grand Trunk station in Battle Creek, Michigan, is missing from his unique post of duty—meeting the trains—and dining-car chefs on the Grand Trunk fast trains have been inquiring for him.

Jack is sick in bed with rheumatism.

Probably in a class by himself as a hand-out specialist, Jack dashes to meet the trains. His 80-yard sprint from the baggage room to the dining-room car is sensational. It's undoubtedly an aggravating cause in his rheumatism.

When a sumptuous train pulls into the station, Jack rushes to the dining-car. He barks fluently at the door to attract the attention of the chef.

Translating freely, he asks, "Brother, have you got a bone?" The chef usually has one.

When fare on the trains is slim, Jack eats nobly at the Grand Trunk station restaurant.

He's probably worrying now over the possibility of some other dog finding out about his pet graft.

First Paper Makers

CARL SCHURZ LOWDEN

EGYPTIANS are generally credited with having made the first paper from a plant called the papyrus, but the books are all wrong. Paper got its name from the plant; yet hundreds of years before that time the process had been invented by certain insects who were comparatively little



BEWARE OF THOSE ROUNDED GRAY NESTS CLEVERLY MADE

but mighty. When the Egyptians "stole their stuff," these flyers became as mad as hornets, and they have remained angry ever since.

Of course all this happened some forty-three centuries ago; but the hornets have never forgotten. If you think their memory of that insult has slipped a peg or two in the meantime, just try getting into close contact with them. You will immediately revise your opinion upon this point.

How did the hornet get that name? In their hum there is a deep ominous menace. If you have never heard the whine of a big shell, you certainly know the buzzing roar of an airplane. The insect does not use the soft pedal in his bullet-like approach. He is hard-boiled. He comes with such shell-like haste as to create a horn-like sound, hence the name of hornet which means "little horn."

These fellows love so well to make paper that they can scarcely stop the work, once they have begun it. Paper-making is an instinct with them. At first the paper nest may be no larger than a hen's egg; then the insects may build and build and build until a half-bushel measure would not hold it.

Hornets can be induced to construct nests of surpassing beauty marked by the tints of the rainbow. This leading of the obstreperous insects into the field of art is fraught with danger to the guide, as may be expected.

"Such a nest as that is not produced by hornets in a general way," Mr. Stone, an English scientist, recorded several years ago. "They do not trouble themselves to form much of a covering, especially when a small cavity in the head of a tree is selected. The walls of the chamber they consider a sufficient protection for the combs.

"If you expect them to form a substantial

covering, the combs must be so placed as to have ample space around them. If you expect them to fabricate a covering of great beauty, you must select the richest colored woods such as form the most striking contrasts. Place them so that the insects will be induced or compelled to use them in the construction of their nest. This is exactly what I did with reference to the nest in question."

How can a hornet nest be cut away and put in a special location? This Mr. Stone twisted cotton on the end of a stick, dipped the wad in chloroform, then carefully approached the nest and let the fumes of the anesthetic put the builders to sleep. When they awoke and began to buzz again a second application of the drug must be made. The lifting of a nest is a tedious process. Stone worked six hours at the task in the middle of the night when the hornets were weary from their day's labor.

According to the popular saying, three hornets can kill a man. The sting of these fierce wasps is extremely painful and poisonous. One should show proper respect for their power of attack.

Beware of those rounded gray nests cleverly made by fashioning wood into paper. Don't disturb the tiny owners. Don't advance too close. If a hornet's drive ends with a direct hit on the forehead, it may knock a person off his feet. The hornet is the Babe Ruth of the insect family. Better look at his nest through field glasses instead of poking it with a fishing pole. It is the safer way.

The Pernicious Sling-shot

JOSEPH R. SCHADEL

FROM time immemorial the objectionable sling-shot has been considered as a juvenile toy or means of amusement regardless of the often destructive and dangerous effect it has on small game and many times domestic animals such as dogs, cats and birds have been the victims of a missile directed by a thoughtless or miscreant member of the younger generation.

Recently in a small California town a number of house cats were found dead or dying with small wounds inflicted about the face and head or some other vital portion of the body. As a group of boys were seen with sling-shots a day or two previous, the owners of the felines, some of which were of the more valuable varieties, were ready to declare war on the perpetrators if only the guilty ones could be apprehended. However, the latter must have scented the wrath of the community because there was a sudden absence of the aspiring Davids and the members of the feline species can once more venture out to frolic without the danger of the sling-shot.

No boy or youth should be allowed to carry a sling-shot in his pocket, regardless of the alleged motive. There is but one certain conclusion to arrive at whenever a sling-shot is in the possession of a youngster: he is likely to try his skill or luck, as the case may be, on small birds, or animals, often on creatures which have been domesticated enough to shed their inborn timidity and feel safe from harm in the presence of their human associates and which place a trust in them so sacred that to violate this confidence is really a criminal act. The sling-shot is not a toy.

To Love Dogs is to Have the Love of Dogs

HARRIETT MILLS SMITH

I CANNOT remember the time when dogs and I haven't been on intimate terms. We have eaten off the same platter, as it were, for many years. I sometimes think the quality of my voice has something to do with it, for having spoken to dogs on the street for the first time, and in perfectly strange towns, they have immediately dropped all their other business affairs and clung tight to me throughout the day; lying on the door mat while I was inside, regardless of the length of time, and taking their place at my heels as I went forward; or if my interview was on the veranda, they would lie at my feet, immovable to all suggestions that they might retire.

It was down in old Kentucky, I believe, that I met and became a friend to one of the largest dogs I ever saw. I was on my way to see a prospect when, as I reached the "estate," covering a block or two, I should say, in the outskirts of the town, this big black fellow loomed up in the corner of the grounds with nothing but the fence between us. I realized at once that before I ever reached the gate and opened it, we would have to be chums. I stopped and spoke to him, and made good. Immediately his tail began wagging vigorously, and the wag kept up. I put my ungloved hand down between the opening of the iron fence and it was covered with "kisses." We walked slowly along chatting together. When the gate was reached I opened it unhesitatingly, stepped inside, and closed it. The wag was still going on and the kissing began again.

When we were about half-way to the house, the mistress of the home rushed out, exclaiming: "Oh, that dog will injure you, he is fierce! We keep him in chains all the time! I don't know how he ever got loose!" By this time she had reached my side. "Madam," I replied, "don't you see we are friends? I am perfectly safe. There is no cause to be frightened." No urging on her part to get the dog away from me proved successful. He stuck closely to my side.

We sat down on the wide veranda and talked for some time, with the dog at my feet and facing me, which custom, I have been told, is unusual in dogdom. From time to time, "Mrs. Jones" would look at me and repeat: "I never saw that dog do anything like this before in all my life. He is terrifying to every one and has injured people. So we have to keep him chained constantly."

When I left he insisted on going with me in spite of all she could say or do. I shut him inside the grounds and we walked along together to the corner where I made his acquaintance, and with a few more caresses I said "good-bye." Such a dear old fellow! All he wanted was love.

It would seem to me that people who really loved dogs would share their last dollar to get them something to eat, or a warm place to stay in inclement weather, for we protect what we love; and this might apply to all kinds of animals. Our four-footed friends are so dependent upon mankind for their well-being and happiness! Let us not forget them!

Remember the Massachusetts S. P. C. A.
in your will.

"Our Friend the Dog"

Sometimes when life has gone wrong with you

*And the world seems a dreary place,
Has your dog ever crept to your feet
His yearning eyes turned to your face?
Has he made you feel that he understands
And all that he asks of you
Is to share your lot, be it good or ill,
With a chance to be loyal and true?*

*Are you branded a failure? He does not know.
A sinner? He does not care.*

You're master to him—that's all that counts,

A word and his day is fair.

*Your birth and your station are nothing to him
A palace or hut are the same,*

*And his love is yours in honor and peace,
And it's yours through disaster and shame.*

*Though others forget you and pass you by,
He is ever your faithful friend,
Who is ready to give you the best that is his
Unstintedly right to the end.*

E. B. DARLING in *The Animals' Protector*

The Problem of Pain

Cruel will he be, unjust and brutal to his fellows, who wilfully wrongs by any deed of his the lowliest thing that can suffer pain. And who can tell how wide that realm into which pain is ever casting its dreaded shadow? It sweeps the whole compass of life, we may well believe, from man himself to the tiniest creature whose biography is measured by the few brief hours of delight it knows between a rising and a setting sun. Turn to the fascinating studies of Henri Fabre and you will hesitate to lay ruthless hand even on the insect whose wonders of instinct amaze and confound you. Where the capacity for suffering fades out of the world's vast river of life that flows from the Eternal on to the unnumbered hosts that in the sea and on the land and in the air live out their checkered and often tragic histories, the thoughtful dare not say. If only we could see how far reaching in its influence upon human character and the very life of the nation this humane movement is that pleads for kindness, compassion, justice toward all that lives, we should honor it with a nobler regard and a more generous support.

DR. ROWLEY in "The Vital Need"

Wild Life Killed by Motors

J. ALLEN CASH

THE spring heralds another season of devastating slaughter of birds and animals on the highways. The sense of danger, instinct in wild life, has not kept pace with the increasing speed of automobiles. The result is that birds and animals on the roads, or crossing them, fail to correctly judge the amount of time they have to escape harm from an approaching car. This is the cause of so many mangled remains of our wild creatures being seen on the highways. The consequent hardship and suffering to young birds left to starve in their nests can only be vaguely imagined.

How few motorists have apparently any regard for the lives of birds and animals! What motorist would think of stopping after ploughing through a flock of birds, for instance, to see if any had been only stunned, and might be saved if taken off the road and given the chance to recover?

It is difficult to suggest any remedy for the unfortunate killings on the roads, but a little consideration on the part of the driver will save many lives. Being somewhat of a naturalist, the writer is genuinely distressed if he happens to hit a bird or animal on the road. Consequently he has learned to do everything possible to avoid this. Much can be done by occasionally slowing down a little when one sees a bird or animal in a dangerous position ahead. One can also swerve at times to avoid them, but due consideration must, of course, be given to human lives and safety. Very often, swerving is distinctly dangerous. Pulling up on the highway is also dangerous sometimes and can be done without causing any trouble only where traffic is not dense.

As a matter of interest, the writer kept a record of birds and animals killed on the roads of Ontario, where they could be positively identified. It was found that the greatest number of corpses were those of robins and the various sparrows. Then came warblers, kingbirds, swallows, goldfinches, and an occasional woodpecker. Among the animals, rabbits, skunks, woodchucks and chipmunks were seen in considerable numbers, and near swamps many turtles were noticed. There is little excuse for any motorist to run over any such slow moving creature as a turtle. A little care and consideration on the part of drivers would prevent countless tragedies among the wild life of the countryside.

Dogs appear in the friezes of the Egyptian temples. They were greatly venerated.



GOOD TO THE LAST LAP

Keystone View Co.

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts. Boston office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

MAY, 1933

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

Quite a Common Experience

A SUPPOSEDLY wealthy Philadelphia gentleman left the bulk of his estate to a Pennsylvania Anti-Vivisection Society. It was reported that the estate would approximate \$500,000. The inventory reduces the amount to about \$50,000. This is becoming a very common experience with charitable organizations. By the will, a large bequest. Upon its settlement, frequently a mere fraction of what the newspapers announced, often, nothing.

This Evil Must Not Spread

Our Animals, published by the San Francisco S. P. C. A., calls attention to a form of cruelty of which we know little here in the East. Here, in part, is what it says:

Abandoning Florida for more lucrative fields of operation, dog racing tracks have invaded California within the last year in wholesale numbers.

While the belief prevails and is cleverly fostered that the dog races are harmless, one needs but to see a race to realize that they are not as harmless as advertised.

It is true that mechanical rabbits are pursued by the coursing greyhounds in the races. But it is equally true that the races are run solely for gambling purposes, and gambling has ever been ruthless and unscrupulous in the means used to win.

It is not an unusual sight to see some dog led out to the starting barrier in apparently sound condition—the favorite to win the race, in fact—only to have the same dog spring from the starting box and fall into a limping stride that leaves him hopelessly last.

Professional gamblers and dog racing insiders know the reason for this. One of the dog "attendants" may have had instructions to "fix" the dog—a hard heel on the dog's paw, enough to disable him so he could not win the race. Other tricks employed by the gamblers include the wrapping of fine wire tightly around the leg joints of the dog, tightly enough to prevent the dog from getting the proper snap to his leaps and thus lose the race.

Let all humane societies watch these races whenever they occur and prosecute every evidence of cruelty.

The Zoological Garden

WE call it a garden. In reality it is a prison. Readers of Galsworthy's "Forsyte Saga" may recall that whenever he takes any of his characters to the zoo he never fails to leave the impression that it is a place of unhappy animals. From *The Starry Cross* we take the following:

"Measured from the stature of a true civilization, zoological gardens are indeed barbaric, for however well disguised and cared for they may be, they are in reality only prisons in which most of the prisoners pace their lives away in nervous misery."

The *Starry Cross* quotes from Galsworthy's story of how he came to give up hunting: "When once the joy of life in those winged and furry things has knocked at the very portals of one's spirit, the thought that by pressing a little iron twig one will rive that joy out of their vitals, is too hard to bear."

For Humane Sunday

CENTRAL CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
Brooklyn, N. Y.

March 27, 1933

My dear Doctor Rowley:—

I shall be very glad indeed to do what I can on April 23 in behalf of our humane work throughout the nation and the world. It is most gratifying to me to know that any feeble word of mine has helped to sustain your own splendid enterprise, in which I am deeply interested. Indeed, I have taken the liberty of naming you and your Society in answer to a mother's question about how to train her children to be kind to animals.

Yours ever,
S. PARKES CADMAN

The Toll of the Toy Guns

Airguns, pistols, rifles and other dangerous weapons that are permitted in the hands of youth and children are not only a prolific source of accidents but also, what is far worse, are an encouragement of crime. In the local papers of almost every city and town in the United States can be read hundreds of times during the year, accounts of the dangerous air-gun and rifle; of accidents to children and adults, as well as to animals and birds, from these weapons of destruction.

The Western Press Bureau of the American Humane Education Society, which is in charge of Mrs. Alice L. Park of Palo Alto, recently received from one individual a collection of short clippings from the press, recording scores of casualties and deaths of those under fifteen years of age due to firearms in the hands of juveniles. The list is four yards in length and was gleaned in 1932 from a very limited area.

It is a situation to be deplored. It means that with little or no restriction upon the possession of toy guns and small arms, lack of law enforcement in the sale and carrying of them, a great responsibility rests upon parents and teachers primarily to insure and protect the lives of the younger generation.

There are more beavers in Michigan than in any other region of equal area.

The Circus

WE agree heartily with the *Worcester Gazette* when it says, as it did recently.

Circuses, we are told, are "going animal" this year. That is, their chief attraction will be cages and cages of roaring tigers and lions and other wild beasts.

Dangerous animals have to be killed when they interfere with man's safety and progress. But why should there be needless torture inflicted by taking animals from their native haunts and keeping them imprisoned for the rest of their lives? Surely the circus powers—that be should be able to think of ways to entertain and amuse children and adults without turning their shows into avenues of horror and pain.

A Prayer

(From the Russian)

Hear our humble prayer, O God, for our friends the animals, especially for animals who are suffering; for all that are overworked and underfed and cruelly treated; for all wistful creatures in captivity that beat against their bars; for any that are hunted or frightened or hungry; for all that must be put to death. We entreat for them all Thy mercy and pity; and for those who deal with them we ask a heart of compassion and gentle hands and kindly words. Make us ourselves to be true friends to animals, and so share the blessing of the merciful. For the sake of Thy Son, the tender-hearted, Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen.

Cows Are Heavy Drinkers

An average cow requires 77 pounds of drinking water daily, says Dr. C. D. Grinnells, in charge of dairy investigations for the North Carolina experiment station, according to an Associated Press dispatch from Raleigh, N. C. Lack of pure water, Dr. Grinnells says, is the cause of many of the ills of the dairy cow.

To the Editor

Dr. S. Parkes Cadman has publicly stated that he has small regard for any man's religion, whose horse and dog do not feel the benefits of it.

May I call attention through your courtesy to the fitting opportunity offered by our National Humane Sunday, to spread the truth underlying these forceful words.

Such endorsement by the Christian ministry will be most timely, for it is a fact, though not generally recognized, that some of the most cruel practices inflicted on animals in Christendom are justified by their perpetrators, and permitted by the authorities, on the ground that animals have neither rights nor sensibilities, which man is obligated by Religion to respect.

But every person who teaches a child to be thoughtful and kind in the treatment of his furred and feathered kinsfolk, is hastening that day.

Humane Education has now secured a foothold in every civilized, and in some uncivilized, countries, and it rightfully asks for the support of every follower of the founder of Christian faith.

MABEL STUART DAVEIS



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

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ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer

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MONTHLY REPORT OF OFFICERS

Miles traveled by humane officers	13,974
Cases investigated	507
Animals examined	6,855
Number of prosecutions	9
Number of convictions	8
Horses taken from work	19
Horses humanely put to sleep	37
Small animals humanely put to sleep	907

Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals inspected	35,652
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep	37

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the wills of Caroline A. Fox of Arlington, and Charles H. Farnsworth of Brookline.

April 11, 1933.

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us upon application.

Angell Memorial Animal Hospital and Dispensary for Animals

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Regent 6100

Veterinarians

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., Chief

R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D., Asst. Chief

E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.

W. M. EVANS, D.V.S.

G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.

T. O. MUNSON, V.M.D.

HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

Springfield Branch

53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.

THEODORE W. PEARSON, General Manager

A. R. EVANS, V.M.D., Veterinarian

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR MARCH

Including Springfield Branch

Hospital	Dispensary
Cases entered	685
Dogs	510
Cats	159
Horses	7
Birds	5
Monkeys	2
Goat	1
Marmoset	1
Operations	1,038
Cases	2,175
Dogs	1,761
Cats	380
Birds	26
Horses	4
Goats	2
Monkey	1
Rabbit	1
Total	354,825
Hospital cases since opening, Mar. 1, 1915	109,925
Dispensary Cases	244,900
Total	354,825

MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. IN THE COURTS

Summary of Prosecutions for March

For unnecessarily failing to provide food and shelter for two cattle, defendant pleaded guilty and was sentenced to House of Correction for twenty days; suspended for one year.

Non-providing proper food and shelter for two cows, heifer, calf, and horse, defendant was convicted; case filed and he was ordered to dispose of all his stock except one cow. He was receiving welfare aid.

Non-providing proper food for two dogs, on plea of *nolo*, defendant was fined \$10.

Non-providing food and shelter for horse and sheep, defendant pleaded guilty and was given twenty-day sentence to House of Correction, suspended one year.

For selling a horse unfit for labor, poor in flesh and lame, defendant guilty. He was given a thirty days' suspended sentence and put on probation for three months.

For cruelly beating a dog, shooting and wounding him, offender pleaded guilty. He was fined \$15. He was unable to pay, having a large family, and fine was suspended.

Failing to provide proper and sufficient food for his fifteen head of cattle, defendant guilty; case filed. He promised to dispose of his stock.

For non-providing proper shelter for sow and pigs, defendant guilty. After he had cleaned up and repaired pen to meet requirements of humane officer, the court filed case.

More friends are needed to endow stalls and new kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payments of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.



A Rare Dog

He has been here at our Hospital. The first patient of his kind, part collie, part Kentucky coon hound. He is twelve years old, still handsome, unusually affectionate, loyal and intelligent. His master, Father Connelly, is a lover of animals and from his pulpit urges justice and compassion toward all animal life upon all the members of his parish.

Hospitality Day in May

Arrangements for a Hospitality Day, Thursday, May 11, from 1 to 5 P.M., at the Angell Animal Hospital, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, to which all members of the Society and friends are invited, were made at a meeting of the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., held at the home of Mrs. Herbert Prescott, Brookline, on April 18. There will be music, afternoon tea, and a food sale. Bridge will be a principal attraction. At the April meeting Mr. Lester W. Smith of Babson Park gave an interesting talk on our native birds. Tea was served, with Mrs. John Dykeman chairman.

The annual meeting of the Auxiliary, with election of members, will be held Tuesday, May 23.

For Humane Workers

The American Humane Education Society is collecting a trust fund for the benefit of those who have spent their lives in the service of promoting humane education.

So far gifts to the amount of \$6,067 have been received. If you wish to contribute, please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. also is raising a special fund to provide, when necessary, for employees who have been retired or for any reason are incapacitated for further service.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated, 1889
For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.
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Humane Press Bureau
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180 Longwood Ave., Boston

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James D. Burton, Oakdale, Tennessee
Mrs. Katherine Weatherbee, Atlanta, Georgia
Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas
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Seymour Carroll, Columbia, S. C.

Field Representative
Wm. F. H. Wentzell, M.S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Field Lecturer in Massachusetts
Ella A. Maryott



UNIQUE FOUNTAIN FOR MAN AND BEAST, WITH SEAT OF HISTORIC TIMBERS, ON THE HENLEY-READING ROAD, ENGLAND

Fez American Fondouk

Monthly Report

February, 1933 — 28 Days		
Daily average large animals	67.1	
Forage for same		\$105.07
Daily average dogs	8.2	
Forage for same		4.57
Put to sleep	19	4.08
Transportation		6.61
Wages, grooms, etc.		69.14
Inspector's wages		16.58
Superintendent's salary		98.43
Assistant's salary		49.22
Veterinary's salary		15.75
Motor allowance		9.84
Sundries		11.42
		\$390.61

Entries: 13 horses, 13 mules, 55 donkeys.
Exits: 3 horses, 12 mules, 44 donkeys.
SUPT'S NOTES: Assistant's and Inspector's Report on the 70 Native Fondouks:—
Visits made during month: 336 Fondouks visited; 3,522 animals seen, 839 animals treated; 50 animals sent in.

The two following notes from Mr. Brown, our Superintendent at the Fondouk, will be of interest to its friends.

Tazi, the new Pacha, is very strict. He has already put three men into prison for having ridden on their donkeys, that were tired and nearly exhausted. He seems to be very much on our side.

There is an epidemic of lymphangite epidotique in the region of Fez. The Fondouk discovered it and we have been asked by the Service de l'Elevage to help them find out what part of the country the cases are coming from.

We really now are looked at as being of great help, and knowing more about this disease than they do.

We have started again with school children coming to the Fondouk. We had 43 girls on Feb. 8 and shall continue till the Societe Protectrice des Animaux here takes over that branch of propaganda.

Friends of the Fondouk will be glad to read the following from former Governor Baxter of Maine; dated March 28, 1933:

Dear Dr. Rowley:—

I think you will be interested to know that about three weeks ago I was in Fez and called at the American Fondouk. The superintendent in charge, Mr. Brown, showed me about and I was much impressed by the work that is being done there for our animal friends.

The Fondouk seems to be in good condition, is clean and well cared for, and about

ninety animals were under treatment. It did me good to see these poor creatures in comfortable quarters, with plenty of carrots to eat and good straw to lie upon. This institution is certainly an oasis in a great desert of cruelty but its influence is gradually being extended and I was much pleased to leave a contribution with Mr. Brown. A friend of mine took a picture of the Fondouk entrance and if it turns out well you might like to have it for *Our Dumb Animals* in some later issue.

With personal regards, cordially,
PERCIVAL P. BAXTER

Canine Telepathy

A CORRESPONDENT in New Bedford, Mass., relates this incident, the truth of which is vouched for by a neighbor.

A wide-awake, ambitious German police pup, "Brownie," furnishes material for many interesting and amusing anecdotes, most popular among them, possibly because of a pervading sense of mystery, being the following:

Residing some distance away, in quite another section of the city, is a relative of Brownie's family between whom and Brownie has become established a strong bond of friendship and whose visits to the latter's home are frequent, although irregular.

There are rare occasions when the dog, suddenly forsaking his usual haunts, is discovered by his master crouching upon a stair-landing, his long, sleek body tense with eager expectancy. Then it is that the master announces to the family "Cousin Ed is coming. Brownie is at his post." Within ten or fifteen minutes, in a wild, sprawling leap, Brownie has cleared the stairs and his vociferous, exultant barking at the door proclaims Cousin Ed's arrival.

Investigation revealed the time of the latter's leaving his home identical with Brownie's retreat to the stair-landing, yet the family had no previous knowledge of the intended visit.

An English Roadside Picture

This is what a very dear English friend writes us:

"The spirit moves me to send you the enclosed photograph. It has no intrinsic beauty and I have no idea who the wayfarer is, but it may be of passing interest to you. The site is a corner of my land abutting on to the busy Henley-Reading road. I placed the seat there some two years ago. It is made of oak from old beams in Henley Church on which the bells used to hang. They are of the period of Elizabeth, and were considered unsafe and replaced by steel girders. They caused me to break out into poetry (?), an event that rarely happens, and I have had the lines carved on the top rail:—

'These timbers carried the bells that rang
For funeral or for wedding
And now they carry the folks who tarry
Twixt Henley Church and Reading.'

Last autumn I happily remembered that a water main was close to the seat, so of course I had placed there the fountain for the use of man and beast. As there is neither seat nor drinking water to be found for many a mile, good use is made of both."

To an Old Dray Horse

MARION DOYLE

I see you standing in the wind and rain,
Your weary form of spirit quite bereft;
Your coat unkempt; your thick wind-tangled
mane.

The only trace of former beauty left;
Above your listless head the "L" clangs by,
And shrieking sirens beat against the
drum
Of buildings, stretched across with vellum
sky,
Until your outraged senses must be numb.

So quietly you stand—you must be shod
With patience, as you wait the raucous
cry
Of harassing humanity, whose rod
Arouses you to toil, and I descry
In each fine line a tired dignity
And in your eyes a dream of Araby.

An Arab on Our Shores

CARLETON A. SCHEINERT

THEODORE ROOSEVELT told us that "the best thing for the inside of a man is the outside of a horse." A truth we were well aware of when horses were our usual method of transportation. But with the growing popularity of the automobile this friend of man, second only to the dog, was forgotten, neglected. The breeding of fine horses was becoming a thing of the past.

But the novelty of motoring, of speeding along hard-surfaced highways, wore off. Thoughts of the faithful horse came again to mind—and with them the realization that the propagation and breeding of fine horses had suffered to such an extent that, unless attention was given to this, it would not be long before a good horse would be a rarity!

In 1925 W. K. Kellogg, a lover of horses, purchased a ranch 800 acres in extent, near Pomona, California, and started a herd of fine horses. Only pure-bred Arabian stock from Europe, from the deserts of Arabia, and those already in America were chosen as the nucleus.

May 17, 1932, this ranch where fine horses were bred, was dedicated to the people, becoming a part of the University of California. Its value is placed at \$2,500,000 today.

The ranch is a replica of the old-time hacienda, a reminder of the homes of early California and the Dons, when fine horses were the prized possessions of their owners. The stock is Arabian because of its fine qualifications. The Arabian horse is known for its strength and beauty of form, its high order of intelligence, and its great stamina. Even a horse with but a little Arabian blood is considered superior.

The propagation of fine horses, the study and improvement of horse breeding, under the guidance of the University of California, is in the care of experts, the expenses of the work being covered by an endowment made by Mr. Kellogg.

The stables are of stucco, roofed with red Spanish tile, and look more like a large residence than a "stable." Part of the 800 acres is given over to beautiful gardens, through which 5,000 and more people stroll



International

"PATCHES," FAVORITE MOUNT OF MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

They are often seen on the Rock Creek bridle paths near Washington.

each week—visitors to the ranch who have come to see the intelligent horses. The horses are exhibited in the "patio" or inclosed garden of their stables, into which they enter through high curving arches in the walls. They are the delight of hundreds of children visitors, many of whom are making their first acquaintance with a horse outside of picture books. They learn to admire and love them as they watch "Rossika," for example, play "hobby-horse," wheel a baby-carriage, and entertain in many other ways. Rossika and the other horses enjoy it, too! And the children—and their parents—leave the ranch strong champions of the horse!

Each year new bridle paths are being built, more people turn back to the horse with enthusiasm. "A man and his horse" is again becoming a usual saying, dug out from the romantic past before the automobile threatened. Each will now have its rightful place—the machine the drudge, the horse man's friend and companion of his leisure, adding to his happiness and health.

A Word for the Bat

C. M. BLOOM

IN my childhood days many terrifying tales were told about the bat. Even my joy in the out-of-doors on a moonlight night was marred by the fear that one of these nocturnal creatures might appear. Just what it would do to me, I did not know. It might lodge in my hair or drop vermin on me. It might even suck my life blood before I could be rescued from its deadly clutch.

Even the grown-ups were dominated by this same senseless fear. From out of the past come memories of a twilight in beautiful Virginia, when I witnessed a most unequal struggle. On the one side were two grown men with a pole and a hoe. On the other side, with his back against a wall, was a bat. All the small creature could do was to open his mouth and hiss at his assailants, while trying to dodge their blows. The battle was soon over with the inevitable result.

It is not surprising that there is a prejudice against these flying mammals, whom the Germans very aptly call a "fitter mouse." They are not "good to look at." With the passing of time, however, prejudice is being overcome to a great extent.

Dr. Joseph Grinnell has stated in a bulletin issued by the California Fish and Game Commission, that the bat is a "desirable citizen." Why? Because he is the farmer's friend. The insect pests must be kept down. The birds work bravely at this task during the day. But with the coming of night, first one little bird and then another says, "Well, my day's work is done," and straightway he tucks his head under his wing, and floats off into the land of dreams. Then it is that these blind creatures, who see with their ears, fly into the breach and eat their fill of insect pests.

The Horse's Pulling Power

L. E. EUBANKS

MANY people who use horses seem to know very little about the animals' anatomical structure and muscular limitations. I have personally seen drivers whip teams for failure to pull successfully, when the fact was that the load was fifty per cent heavier than any two horses could pull.

The average person overestimates a horse's strength, assuming that weight and the greater traction of four feet on the ground (as compared to a man's two feet) enable the horse to "pull anything." The weight is a great aid, but having four legs does not add to the animal's pulling power—not to the degree commonly supposed. Practically all the pulling is done with the hind quarters; the fore legs do little more than balance the horse while the hind legs do the work. The center of weight in a horse is immediately behind the shoulders.

Many mistaken beliefs exist regarding a horse's strength. Some men can outwalk a horse, in an endurance contest; often a horse suffers more from exposure than a man does under the same conditions, sometimes feeling cold very keenly; and there is not nearly as much superiority in the horse's pulling power (over man's) as you may have believed.

Horses are not all of the same proportions. A man who secured a team, each member of which weighed approximately 1,200 pounds, thought that he had pullers of equal strength. But it was not long until he discovered that the two animals carried their weight somewhat differently, and the one with the lighter hind quarters could not pull as much as his mate. Not weight alone, but distribution of the weight, and length of legs, have to be considered before we can judge accurately as to what should be expected of the pulling horse.

And, without going into details here, I would remind all who work with draft animals that an incline in the road does not have to be a hill to have a great effect. Investigation into the scientific phase will show you that the very slightest up-grade makes a material difference in your team's power to pull the load.

Also, know that the collar fits the horse, and that there is no shoulder sore for it to irritate, and that the animal is properly shod before you expect him to do his best—and then do not expect too much.

A Tenement District in Birddom

MAUDE WOOD HENRY

WHEN people "go slumming" they invade the tenement districts where foreign children hang out of every window in peril of their lives. These colorful, noisy, ill-smelling and crowded places teem with what some are pleased to call "picturesque" life.

In birddom, as well, we have these thickly populated, noisy and nosome quarters, dear to the hearts of herons and some other birds. You may be acquainted with one of these ancient heronries where hundreds of ramshackle structures perch precariously in the tree-tops, threatening to collapse at any moment and precipitate the craning youngsters mayhap into the marshy waters below. A heronry is a sort of hereditary bird-slum, "smelling to heaven" as does a foreign tenement district. It also is picturesque in its squalor. Invade one of these communities and, if black-crowned night herons compose it, you will be greeted with such a fearful "quawking" that you will want to stop your ears. The din from the combined throats of all the citizens of Heron Town is deafening. Sociable among themselves, these birds resent human intruders.

A huge heronry of the black crowns exists in an extensive marsh on the shore of Lake Erie. Here, where eagles, terns, coots, wild ducks, sandpipers, red-winged blackbirds and many other birds of the water soar, swim, fish and trot about on their long legs, thousands of herons also make their home. In a group of willow trees nearly every available site is occupied by heron nests, some belonging to the great blue giant among these birds. The accompanying picture was secured eventually after the pandemonium had subsided. Pale

bluish eggs could be seen in some of the lower nests, while the willow branches held many half-grown youngsters clamoring for food. The nests, even more sketchy than those of the dove and cuckoo, reckoned among our worst builders, were placed anywhere from five to twenty-five feet from the bit of ground on which the trees grew.

Night herons are well named, for they are night birds except when their young demand meals at all hours. About sundown, when marsh life wakes up generally, they get active, taking minnows, frogs, toads, crawfish and small reptiles with the skill born of long practice. When not engaged in procuring food they roost in the trees. A heronry is about as thickly populated a bird settlement as you would wish to find.

We still have some herons with us despite the loss of practically all of those magnificent birds, the snowy herons or egrets, whose wedding plumes went into millinery shops years ago. The great blue heron that stands four feet in his stockings; the little blue heron which has no "aigrettes" to lose; the little green heron, smallest of the heron tribes and a solitary, unsociable creature averse to colonies; the yellow-crowned night heron, likewise inclined to flock by itself; these and a number of others which mostly inhabit the southern coast, replete with rivers, bays, salt water lagoons and marshes which they fancy, still make pictures for us as they disport themselves after their various fashions. Even when they make those "quawking" noises which have been likened to "two or three hundred Indians choking one another," as do the black crowns, we are glad to have them, for these big greenish-black and gray birds with the black-crowned heads belong to the twilight-time in the marsh-lands and are a part of the landscape, ancestral abodes and all.

The American Goldfinch

ROBERT SPARKS WALKER

WHEN the American goldfinch alights on a ripened flower-head, a zinnia, a marigold, a dandelion, or a sunflower, you may think that the yellow flower has in some strange manner become suddenly animated, and when the bird takes flight, it may appear that a part or all of the flower has taken wings.

The appetite of the American goldfinch is such that he cannot pass without stopping to visit the flowers that have been changed to seeds. The fact is, it is always seed-time and harvest with him. Sunflowers make his choicest seeds, although he will take almost any kind of weed seeds when hunger compels him to go out and forage.

I have often gone into the field of dead weeds and in an instant the yellow objects that began to flit about moved as if the entire field of old flower-heads had taken wing and were flying off to another field. And the seeds do really take flight when these hungry birds have swallowed the contents of the flower-heads,—the handsome little seed packets that Nature puts up chiefly for birds.

The American goldfinch is such a small bird that you might not often see him if it were not for his rich rippling notes that may well be likened unto water dripping from a woodland precipice. His little voice



HERONY OF BLACK-CROWNED NIGHT HERONS



THE GOLDFINCH TWINS

is so keyed that it reaches the ears on cheerful sound waves, and as if uttered in beaded drops of dew. If one can imagine a dew covered strand of spider-web jarred so that tiny drops, if solid, hit an iron surface, you may gain an idea of what the rippling notes of the goldfinch resemble.

Because his diet is composed chiefly of seeds is not proof that he is not a useful bird. When a goldfinch swings in the top of a dead weed he is surely destroying a pest that is almost as bad as a destructive insect. In the ragweeds, thistles, wild lettuce, dandelions, and other weed pests, he takes his stand and by eating their seeds keeps thousands of weeds from sprouting in the gardens that would cause the gardener a great deal of hard labor with hoes and plows to destroy.

The mature flower-head of a dandelion holds on an average about two hundred and twenty-five seeds, each one fitted with a natural parachute that carries it safely to distant fields. The goldfinch does not stop eating when he discovers all seeds in a single head. His little body's engine demands so much fuel that it requires tens of thousands of seeds each month to keep it going in good order. He has so often been observed hanging to the thistle-head that some people persist in calling him a "thistle-bird." Whether the goldfinch likes this name or not I do not know. Some people call him also by the name of "wild canary."

When a colony of goldfinches take flight, you will not be compelled to see the color of their coats to determine their name, for when you once get a glimpse of this small bird's swinging flight in the air, you cannot mistake him from other birds. Down the birds swing, then rise higher, then down again as if they are riding the ocean waves, chuckling in a silver tone as they fly.

A flock of goldfinches are so fond of their small social crowd that, like the cedar waxwings, they are late in pairing off and taking up the tasks of raising a family. But they seem to take life easy and do not rush into housekeeping in early spring as many of their bird neighbors are inclined to do.

You can protect the song-birds of your locality by either taking your cats away with you when you take a vacation, or by leaving them in places where they will receive sufficient food and proper care.

The Cow in Life and Literature

ALETHEA M. BONNER

OF the many friendly and faithful animals that serve mankind none contributes to human comfort and welfare in such generous measure as does the versatile and companionable cow.

Its line of descent, probably from the prehistoric and powerful bison, has an indefinite tracing, and the origin of most of the modern breeds of cattle is rather obscure. We do know, however, that the domestic animal's record of faithful service to humanity dates back to the beginning of history, while rudely carved pictures on the ancient monuments of Egypt prove a preface to such recorded chapters of useful service.

Biblical annals, too, are replete with references: there was the "golden calf" of the Children of Israel, which proved an ill-favored idol to these pilgrims in their journeys to a "Promised Land," flowing with milk and honey. And, prior to this, came Joseph's prophetic dream of "seven fat kine and seven lean," with the respective years of plenty and famine following. A still earlier reference testifies to the fact that the patriarch Abraham served *butter* and milk, with other food, to the angel, who visited him in the plains of Mamre in the year 1898 B. C.

Although there were no cattle in North America when the continent was first explored by white men, yet with the bringing of herds from Europe by the early settlers, the sturdy animals played an important part in promoting the progress of the new country. Oxen toiled with the pioneers in clearing and breaking farm lands; they drew the "prairie schooners" into the unexplored west, when "Westward Ho!" was the cry of young America; and, even today, in many countries, the sled, the cart and the plow are still oxen-drawn.

Considered a sacred animal in India, a cow is never killed but is permitted to live out its natural life, some twenty years being considered an unusually ripe old age. Such animal worship began in Egypt at an early time, and, according to the peoples of antiquity, all the good spirits in the world were cows. Mythology emphasizes in countless legends the sacred regard in

which the creature was held by the ancients. For example, in the story of the sower of the dragon's teeth, Cadmus—he who sought his sister Europa carried away by Jupiter, under the disguise of a snow-white bull—this brave son of Agenor was instructed by an oracle to follow the wanderings of a cow, and where she stopped there should be builded a city—Thebes it was.

Realizing, as one does, that there is more poetry than truth in the familiar Mother Goose rhyme: "Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle; the cow jumped over the moon," yet in astronomy are terms that lead one to connect the cow with the shining orb in question. There is the "Milky Way," that luminous path of stars in the night sky, named in honor of the kindly cow; while the English term for the northern constellation is *Taurus* or "the Bull," a name significant with the leader of a herd guiding star-cows across the skyland pasture.

In music and art the cow finds fitting place. The great Mozart composing an effective "Oxen Waltz"; a representative painting of work-cattle is Rosa Bonheur's "Ploughing in the Nivernais," which hangs in the Luxembourg Gallery at Paris; while a pleasing picture of placid contentment is presented on Nature's cinema screen when one sees grouped, alongside some grass-bordered brook, a herd of these gentle, cud-chewing creatures. Bells about the necks of certain of the animals add their tinkling tones, and further sounds are synchronized in the low-voiced "moos" of the mother cows as they perchance speak to frolicsome calves near by.

Providing man with life-sustaining milk and its nourishing by-products, butter and cheese; also furnishing meat, leather and other commodities, together with the giving of her great strength to patient services of labor, the cow richly deserves all the words of commendation that we heap upon her.

The reason a cow turns her broad square head to the storm and the horse turns his solid buttocks and tail is because each adopts the plan best suited to its needs and its anatomy, in order to resist storm and cold.

A Prayer

KARL FLASTER

*I pray to God that when I face the Seat,
From whence all Mercy flows, at those dear
Feet,
That some dumb creature there, with faith-
ful eyes,
May hold me not unfit for Paradise—*

*That some lean mongrel, with a drooping
tail,
Will know me friend and, knowing, cease to
quail;
That some poor, broken nag will nose my
hand,
Remembering kindness in that Other Land—*

*Some alley-cat will rub my leg, and mew,
In gratitude to the one friend it knew:
Small thing, it seems, and yet—if this can
be,
I shall go singing through Eternity!*

Caging Wild Life

When I was a boy in Carolina I was cured forever of caging wild things. Not content with hearing mockingbirds sing from the cedars, I determined to cage a young one and thus have a young musician all my own.

On his second day in the cage, I saw his mother fly to him with food in her bill. This attention pleased me, for surely the mother knew how to feed her child better than I did. The following morning my pathetic little captive was dead. When I recounted this experience to Arthur Wayne, the renowned ornithologist, he said:

"A mother mockingbird, finding her young in a cage, will sometimes take it poisoned berries. She thinks it is better for one she loves to die rather than to live in captivity."

ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE in *Good Housekeeping*

Nature has given to her creatures the special tools that each kind needs in order to live, some of these special appliances being knives and chisels in the teeth of the beaver, drills in the beaks of woodpeckers, shears in the mandibles of leaf-cutters, baskets for the bees to carry on their hips, stilts for wading birds, spears for fish-eating birds, and so forth.



Courtesy of *The Ayrshire Digest*

FINE AYRSRIES ON STRATHGLASS FARM, OWNED BY HUGH J. CHISHOLM, PORT CHESTER, N. Y.

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president.

See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Eleven hundred and sixty-nine new Bands of Mercy were reported during March. Of these, 433 were in Massachusetts, 366 in Illinois, 116 in Vermont, 113 in Georgia, 43 in Rhode Island, 40 in South Carolina, 26 in Virginia, 23 in Pennsylvania, five in Tennessee, two in Texas, and one each in Maine and Quebec.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 194,123.

Letters received from the pupils of a school in Dedham, Mass., which Miss Maryott visited recently, testify to the interest created by her slide talk.

The children have reported special acts of kindness which show that the lesson has been put to practical use.

A teacher in a country school in Vermont writes to tell us how much interest is being shown by her pupils in a recently organized Junior Band of Mercy. She says they have shown a much kinder spirit towards all creatures. In several instances they have reported to her cases of cruelty to horses and cattle. She has investigated the cases with them, and better treatment for the animals has resulted.

Animals' Welfare Week, which in England corresponds to our national Be Kind to Animals Week, will begin with the first Sunday in May. The National Council urges teachers to write on the blackboard each day some brief humane sentiment. This seems a simple and effective way to promote humane education.

Theater Cats

G. H. MOSHER

WHEN seated in a movie or a theater did you ever happen to see a cat pass unobtrusively across the stage below the screen, or pad along a cross aisle behind the brass rail? If you did it is likely you thought him a stray that had wandered in eluding the stage-door man.

You did the animal a grave injustice if you thought that. For, it was no doubt a theater cat or show cat, an industrious, respectable attaché of the house.

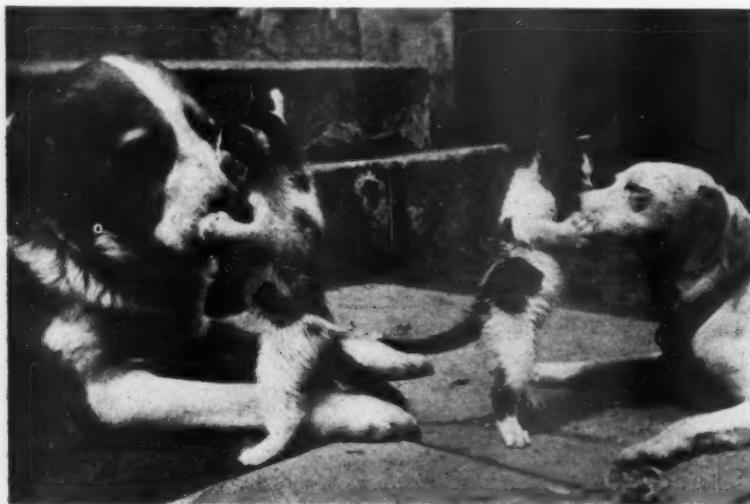
All the large theaters in the country keep at least one cat on their staff—sometimes two or more. Their job is mouse-catcher, and unless they are good "mousers" the management will not keep them long.

They live well, these show cats. A big theater manager told me that they feed their two cats, "Mike" and "Alfred," one pint of milk daily, chopped steak, liver, an occasional can of salmon.

The stage carpenter of a large theater told me a few stories about show cats. It appears that one of the cats took a great liking to a stock-company actor, and got into the habit of following him from his dressing-room on to the stage, where he would often sit unconcernedly before the footlights, washing his face. The audience took a strong liking to this cat and the show critics wrote him up in their reviews. However, this cat did not let publicity go to his head, and he was an excellent mouser when not on the stage.

"What would a show be like without a couple of mousing cats?" I asked the stage carpenter.

"It would be so bad that people wouldn't come to it," he declared, "Just like an old opera house I used to work in. It was so infested with rats that women used to faint at sight of them and be carried out. The rodents grew so bold they would run right across the footlight guards during a performance. Oh, these cats are necessary all right, and don't let anybody tell you they aren't." So, I lift my hat to the show cats who never have a ribbon pinned on them, but who just work for a living.



"BUCK" "LADDIE," AND THE TWINS

Lost: a Master

R. E. BAIRD

Lost: Black and white fox terrier with brown spot on left ear; answers to name of "Jack." Pet of Curtis Holman, age 9, 1904 Melrose Ave. Phone 8216.

WHO has not known the grief of a boy separated from his dog? And who has had a thrill much greater than that which comes with returning a lost pet to its young owner?

Not once, but hundreds of times before his death last February, did Frederick G. Bonfils, publisher of a Denver newspaper, have this joy of re-uniting children and their four-footed pals. To his personal desk (by his own command) were brought all scribbled letters from children with lost pets. And while news of the world might wait in stacks of telegraphed sheets upon his desk, these children's letters got first attention. Now the movies might make such an editor say, "Get the story here"; this editor said, "Get the dog back to its owner."

Mr. Bonfils printed the letter in the news columns with the description and name of the animal, the name, age and address of the child, and any other information that might help in securing the return of the pet. While hundreds of owners have reported happy reunions brought about by these printed letters, probably no one will ever know exactly how many children were thus made happy again.

Without a doubt, part of this editor's sympathy went out to the "lost, strayed or stolen" animal as well as to the owner, for animals and nature were his special interests. A Maltese poodle, "Miss Dixie," was his close companion for ten years, and to Miss Dixie he was the whole world. She trotted through the park with him daily, she teased him away from his desk when the day's work was done; and she romped on his covers at bed-time.

Just a few months ago, the little poodle paced restlessly all day near the door of her master's room which he had not left. Finally, seeing the chance to join him in her daily romp on the foot of his bed, she trotted towards him. The master's hand moved weakly to pet her, but as he whispered, "Hello, Miss Dixie," his greeting faded almost to silence. Not recognizing the undelayed voice of her dying master, the poodle fled from the room.

Without interruption the editor's good work continues—children's touching letters are printed almost every day in his newspaper; pets are returned to their owners. But one forlorn dog, Miss Dixie, searches in vain for the friend of children, the friend of animals: her master, the late Frederick G. Bonfils.

The "Do-It-Now League"

This is yet another organization, very simple, with no expense, in the interests of kindness to everything, man and beast. The inspiration for it comes from Mr. Wm. H. Ketler, city librarian, Camden, N. J., a great lover of animals. He has issued an attractive card, with a triple pledge, samples of which he will be glad to send upon application. "Any good that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any fellow creature, let me do it now."



CHILDREN'S PAGE

A Busy, Buzzy Bumblebee

MINNIE LEONA UPTON

*A busy, buzzy bumblebee
Went "bump!" deep in a blossom bell.
"Help, help, help!" buzzed and bumbled he;
"I think I've tumbled in a well!"*

*Fast flew his friends (such fuss he made!)
They found him—drinking lilyade!*

An Unusual Nest

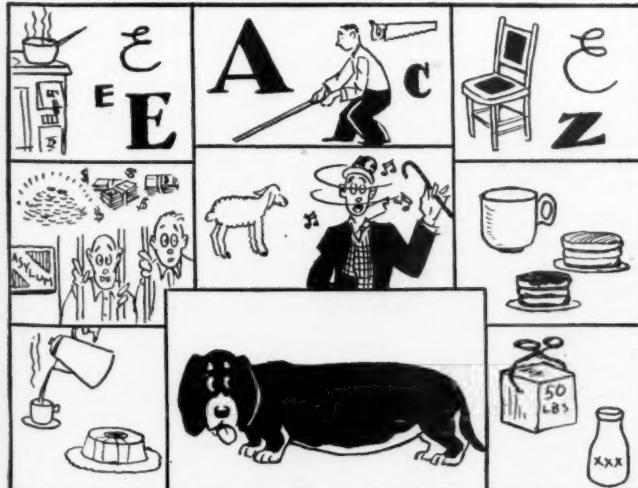
KATHERINE VAN DER VEER

MOST of you are well acquainted with the brilliant oriole that arrives in early May, and whose gay coloring can be seen flashing among the blossoming orchards. He received his name from the black and orange colors used by the first Lord Baltimore.

The hanging nests of the oriole are usually placed quite high and on the tip end of a drooping branch. If you can find an old nest and will examine it, you will see that it has been carefully woven of horse-hair and gray wood fibres, and sometimes lined with pieces of soft worsted.

A neighbor of mine used to lay scraps of bright colored wools on the grass in nesting time. One day she noticed that only the pink shade was being favored. The following fall, a violent wind storm broke a branch of the tree which had held the pendant home of the Baltimore orioles. The gray nest was discovered to be daintily lined with the delicate pink wool.

All the wools were of the same quality and thickness. Wouldn't it be an interesting experiment to try this spring? Perhaps even a bird has a color preference.



"HERMAN," THE UNDERSLUNG DACHSHUND, HAS JUST RAIDED THE PANTRY WITH DIRE RESULTS TO HIS ANATOMY. WHAT DID HE FIND IN THE PANTRY?

(Answers next month.)

Answers to "Bobby," the Sealyham puzzle last month: Paris, Denmark, Glasgow, Stockholm, Italy, Berlin, Spain, Warsaw.



"Snowball's" Vacation

JOHN H. JOLLIEF

RUTH Anna and her friend Miriam spend a part of each summer several miles from home in a camp where the girls' fathers are teachers. Ruth Anna's father is also camp director and her mother is chief cook. Both girls help with the dishes.

Last summer, when the family car was all loaded and ready to go, "Snowball" came up to Ruth Anna, purred softly, and looking up into her face asked, "Do I go to camp on the lake, too?"

And what do you think Snowball's mistress said? If you knew Ruth Anna and her father and mother as well as I do you could guess the answer the very first time. She said, "Why, Snowball, you dear little ball of white wool, *of course* you are going on a vacation. Do you think we would be so neglectful as to leave you here at home to starve or get sick from lonesomeness while we went away for a good time at the lake? I have been looking for you. You are going with us this very minute." So she picked Snowball up and here are the two girls and the kitten just outside the cabin at the lake.

"We couldn't enjoy our vacation without Snowball," is what Ruth Anna said when she adjusted her glasses for this picture. Wonder what Snowball is thinking about! I'll guess she is thinking about what a fine vacation she is having too, don't you? It may be she is feeling sorry for the kittens at home who have been left to shift for themselves while their owners have gone away on pleasure trips. She knows how they must suffer. We hope they will see this picture and not do it again, don't you?

Appreciating the Best

John Ruskin, when a boy, was trained to seek for the beautiful in all things. When he was four years old his father started taking him on a trip through Europe, showing him the best in architecture. As soon as he was able to read his mother made him read the Bible every day, until he had become familiar with its great passages.

When he grew up he became a great critic of art and a writer of literature himself. He had trained himself to appreciate the best in life around him.

Perilous Life of the Gulls

ALAN DE VAUX

LAST night the Cape tip was shrouded in fog. Fog-bells clanged ceaselessly, and the strong beacon of Wood End lighthouse was visible only as the faintest glow through the dripping murk. And twice in the night there were thuds against my window-pane, and in the morning there lay in the garden a gull with a broken wing. Fog—that heavy saturated fog that in winter obliterates our seaside village one day in every seven—is but one of the perils to the gulls. Often a dozen or a score of dead and crippled gulls are found at the base of the lighthouse when dawn comes after one of these nights of fog.

When a storm breaks, and the sea even inside the normally quiet harbor seethes and boils, the gulls are in two-fold danger. They are threatened by both wind and sea. If they rest on the waves in-shore there is the possibility that a sudden rearing comber will dash them on the beach, and if they take to the air they are buffeted and blown about and rendered helpless by the gale. More than once, at the height of a sou'easter, I have seen a whole flock in flight flung by a sudden twist of the gale against some building or wharf. And always the day after a storm reveals the bodies of those that have tried to ride the sea and have been dashed upon the rocks like driftwood.

Many the gulls that have followed hopefully a little fishing-boat, and dived for a morsel that has been thrown overboard, and never risen again. For in the wake of the fishing-boats is often a trail of oil. Viscid pools of it float on the surface of the sea, and the gull that lights in such a pool is doomed. The oil soaks into the feathers, sticks them together, and makes them heavy as lead. And the gull, unable to rise, rides helpless on the waves until starvation comes.

It is a hazardous life they lead, these trim gray birds that circle ceaselessly above our shore and harbor. Just now a fog is rolling in from the sea, great waves and billows of it that cling in the still air. The fog-horn has begun to blow, and mingled with its mournful wail is the wail of the wheeling gulls. Like phantoms they circle through the mist, crying and screaming. How many will be dead when tomorrow comes?

The gray squirrel must be given credit for planting most of the nut-bearing trees of North America.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals": that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to The American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

Angelo Patri

The Happy, Healthy Child is Not Cruel to Animals

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HAVE had several letters from mothers of very young children asking what can be done to check the cruelty they show toward animals. "I am horrified at the treatment the baby gives our dog. He is a faithful old watchdog that we have had five years and the baby sticks his fingers in his eyes, pulls his ears, and his tongue, steps on his tail, pulls his hair. I can't make him stop. Does this mean that he is going to be cruel to all animals? What can I do about it?"

Little children who are just getting about the world know nothing of cruelty. They have not suffered it. Pain is almost a stranger to them and they have never experienced wilfully inflicted pain. They do not understand that they hurt the animal. They are trying to find out what he is made of, what he does, how he behaves when they do this and that. When the animal turns on them they are surprised and hurt. That teaches them not to do too much and that helps some.

We train little children to be kind to the animals. When they hurt them we tell them so and we appeal to their emotions, their tenderness for hurt things, their affection for their friends, the dog and the cat, their sportsmanship and the like. Lecturing them about it won't help much but an appeal to their feelings will help a lot.

Cruelty to animals is excusable in little children. It is to be corrected and trained out of them. In children over 6 and under 10 it is to be guarded against and punished. The pets are taken from their care. The grown-up people express their disapproval by word and action. The offender is made to feel himself outside the line. But, when a child over 10 wilfully hurts an animal, there is no excuse. He has to stop. He has to change his attitude toward the helpless creatures that come his way or be helped to change it.

Very few children are cruel to animals knowingly. When you come across such a child you know he is unusual. You watch him and study him to see what ails him. Something is wrong. His mental and physical health are questionable. The cause of the feeling that vents itself upon the animals must be found, rooted out, and the child helped to health and happiness.

Children who hurt animals are not happy children. Happy children know and reflect

loving kindness. It is useless to ask a child to reflect love. Nobody does that consciously. The instant consciousness enters into that situation you can know that hypocrisy came also.

The happy, and that means the healthy child, is not cruel. He makes a mistake, but that is a different thing. The cruel child is an ailing child. Somewhere he has suffered, or is suffering, and the healing must take place before his attitude changes. You know how you waken some fine mornings with a feeling of well being. You are at peace with the world and your heart is full of kindness to every living thing. You are well that morning. Until the erring child feels that way he is not going to be cured. Kindness is a feeling. The intellect hasn't a thing to do with it.

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Animal Pets of the Carlyles

In his book "The Carlyles' Chelsea Home," referring to the house in Cheyne Row where Thomas Carlyle lived nearly 47 years, Reginald Blunt writes:

I never mount those garret stairs without recalling one charming little reminiscence. "Nero," the little white Cuban spaniel came to them in the winter of 1849-50, and during the next ten years before his death (after being run over by a cart), he became a devoted little companion, greatly beloved by Mrs. Carlyle, and gradually endearing himself to her husband, whom he regularly accompanied, to the very end, in his evening rambles. "Once, perhaps in his third year here, he came patterning upstairs to my garret; scratched duly, was let in, and brought me (literally) the *gift of a horse* (which I had talked of needing)! Brought me, to wit, a letter hung to his neck, inclosing on a saddler's card the picture of a horse, and adjointed to it her cheque for 50 pounds, full half of some poor legacy that had fallen to her." Carlyle could not accept the gift, but he did get a horse soon afterwards; and he grew to love the small comrade of his night-walks, "the little dim white speck of life, of love, fidelity, and feeling, girdled by the darkness as of Night eternal;" and on "February 1st, 1860," Nero, mercifully put out of pain by Dr. Barnes, was honorably buried at the end of the garden, where a stone, with date and name, long marked the spot.

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